

Mike & Hopper's Talk: Rewritten by orphan_account

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Summary:

This is a extended and tweaked version of the confrontation between Hopper and Mike in the car, to make Hopper seem more of a threat to Mike to explain why he lies so easily.

Mike & Hopper's Talk: Rewritten

Author's Note:

I made this a long time ago, (12/4/2020,) but it's been slightly tweaked since then. It's not the BEST, but I hope you still enjoy it regardless.

My mind started to race. What happened to nanna? "Is she dead?" I asked quickly, chasing after Hopper. "No." Hopper said, like he could care less. "Did she fall again?" I insisted, trying to get an answer out of him. "No." Said the chief, seemingly more annoyed this time than the last. He's the one who brought me out here, why is he mad? "Does she have cancer?" I said, grasping at straws. There was a bit of a pause this time. "No." He said again, now at the van, making me more confused then stressed at this point. "Then I don't understand...what's WRONG with nanna?" I said, following Hopper into the van. We closed the doors, and Hopper finally shouted, "NOTHING! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG...WITH NANNA!"

"WHAT?!" I exclaimed. "...but there's something very wrong...with this...thing...between you and El." He said. He leaned back in his chair with a big sniff, and a grunt, seeming relieved. "OH, YOU LYING PIECE OF SHIT!" I snapped back, my blood boiling at this big waste of time with this pretentious cop, trying to unlock the door. Hopper relocked it though, but I kept pulling the lock back out. We went back and forth for a few seconds, and I eventually gave up. Locking a child in a car. I should go call 911. "YOU'RE CRAZY!" I shouted at him. "Crazy...?" He said, staring at me with a long pause. "...you wanna see real crazy? You disrespect me again..." Is he drunk? Was this how I died? I kept staring at him, waiting for him to continue.

"Okay...here's what's gonna happen." Hopper continued, now holding a finger in the air. "I'm gonna drive you home...and I'm gonna...speak...and you're...going...to listen. And then maybe..." He said, leaning on the steering wheel now. "...maybe by the end of it, maybe if you're lucky...maybe...I will continue...to ALLOW you...to date...my daughter." I was in shock, but I stayed silent to be respectful, and to not get myself killed. He looked at me, and I

flinched a bit. He suddenly easier his voice at me. "Nod...if you UNDERSTAND!" He said slowly raising his voice. I quickly nodded, being scared and pissed off at the same time. He didn't even tell me to nod until he got mad at me. What the hell is wrong with him? He pushed on the gas peddle, and we started to drive away.

He started to speak again. "You two...are always kissing...and being all romantic in her room...it's not okay. It's escalating WAY too fast." I nodded quickly a second time, even though he couldn't see me. "...and you come over EVERY DAMN DAY. Could you...maybe...NOT make out with my CHILD for a day?" He asked. I nodded again, even though we were teenagers at this point. "...and spend a day or two at home." He said. "But...but what do I tell her? I need a reason, I can't just go missing!" I said. "Why not?" He asked, seemingly holding off another breaking point. "She EXPECTS me! I can't say I just don't WANT to! I'm not going to act that mean to my GIRLFRIEND! I'm certainly not going to LIE to her!" I exclaimed. The car screeched to a halt. Fear shot itself right back into my veins. I really need to learn to control what I say to a unhinged cop. "Lie to her. I don't care. If you come over tomorrow...you're never seeing her again." He said, calmly. I paused. I had to give in. I had no other choice. I was either dead, or neither seeing her again. I'm already on this maniac's bad side. I gave up. I nodded. I understood.

The rest of the drive was pretty uneventful. He either yelled at me, or there was just silence. We finally arrived at my house. He dropped me off with a death stare as I walked home. I went to bed and feared for the morning.

I was pacing downstairs all day, full of dread. Finally, I heard the inevitable. "MIIIKE! THE PHONE!" Karen shouted. My face got a bit hot. "OKAY!" I shouted back. I slowly walked towards the phone. I finally picked it up. "Hello?" I said, very nervous. "It's nine thirty two. Where are you?" Eleven's voice said on the other end of the phone. "I was just about to call you. I, um..." I paused. I can't believe I'm about to say this. "...can't see you today." My heart felt as though it was pierced, along with a long held bond of trust and friendship.